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# Thoughts Poetical.

BY

ROLLIN COREY,

(GEO. S. DELANO.)

MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

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NOVEMBER, 1899.



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E. A. W. - Nov. 27, 1913.

## Sunrise at Rockland, Me.

---

Looking up through Penobscot Bay,  
Sleepily at first, with night-dimmed eyes,  
Then with many a golden ray  
Reaching up to the clouded skies,  
Blushing good morning to Owl's Head,  
Gilding mist o'er Bay Point sleeping,  
Grandly comes the sun from his bed,  
And his glances slowly creeping  
O'er Cooper's Beach among the pines,  
Awake the song-birds in their nests,  
Then o'er the calm bay his smile shines,  
And glows upon the sea-gulls' breasts.

Camden mountains, with dark clouds capped,  
Catch his lances of golden light,  
And soon around the craigs are wrapt  
Swaying folds, radiantly bright,  
Which weave with the mist from the bay,  
Float o'er the lake, along the stream,  
Until cometh the full-born day,  
When they flee away like a dream.

The vessels riding in the bay  
Heave short their anchors, set their sails,  
And with the land breeze fill away  
To broad Atlantic's swells and gales.

Now the robins carol their trills —  
'Tis morning on the purling stream,  
Bright morning on mountains and hills;  
The night has gone, 't was but a dream.



## A Dream of Old Home.

---

Apple blossoms cluster around the gate,  
And sunflowers hang o'er the mossy wall,  
Where humming birds with the honey bees mate,  
Until 'round the mountain night's shadows fall.

Fleecy clouds dreamily flecking the sky,  
Are mirrored on the bosom of the rills,  
Which among the meadows sing merrily  
The forests anthems they learned in the hills.

Love eyed Jerseys moo good morning to me,  
The red breast and lark a "welcome home" sing,  
As they go to feed in the dewy lea,  
And on swaying branches fluttering cling.

In a circling grove of cedars and pines,  
Stands the old homestead — a love-enframed gem,  
Hung with roses and honeysuckle vines,  
A jewel fit for a king's diadem,  
With its gabled roof, rich colored in years  
By the frosts of winter and summer's tears.  
Dear old home, into which the sunlight pours;  
Bright'ning to new life the picture so fair;  
Big hearted home with its wide opening doors,  
Its glowing hearth and mem'ry laden air,  
And its every loved spot I've held so dear,  
Saying, "Welcome, our boy, we love you here."

Out where the sunbeams mingled hues of gold  
With the silver sheen of her dark brown hair,  
With soulful eyes, which will never grow old,  
Mother comes smiling, my mother so fair.

How fondly she holds me close to her breast,  
And clings to my lips with a loving kiss,  
Nestles me again in the love-lined nest,  
For which I've longed as for heavenly bliss.



Through the garden we walk, her hand in mine,  
Gathering flowers as in the days of yore,  
Around her head I a rose garland twine,  
While we 're mother and baby boy once more.

When slept the sun in the golden-veiled west,  
Mother twined my brow with a wreath of flowers,  
And clasping me again to her breast,  
Sang me to sleep as in babyhood's hours.

# Ermadine.

---

## An Idyl of Middlesex Fells.

---

Where the lake of Mystic narrows,  
And the lowlands gather 'round it,  
Where it hides 'neath great trees' shadows  
As it greeteth Horn Pond's spirit  
And the sprites, which Abna-Jona  
Caught among the meadows sleeping,  
Where the shades of Bear Hill linger,  
Oft is heard when day is dying,  
A whispered song of love's delights,  
Over the lake sweetly floating,  
And echoing back from the heights,  
In waves of music o'er the lake,  
'Till at length is softly spoken,  
As the night winds slowly awake,  
"Ermadine, I bring the token."

Ermadine, Ermadine, name of  
Music, Ermadine, filled with love,  
Golden ringlets, and beaming eyes,  
Tinted with a shade of sadness  
Amid their hues of deep blue skies,  
Must she have whose name could express  
Naught but music, only love true —  
Oh, Ermadine, such must be you.

Fair she was as is the lily  
Swaying gently above the bed  
Of the youth, who loved her fondly.  
Golden ringlets were round her head,  
But her eyes like stars so brilliant,  
Although lang'rous when she willed it,  
Like a snake's their beguilement sent  
Into Norman's trusting spirit.

Yet love embodied could she be,  
And such she was when first he saw

Ermadine, the fells-land's beauty,  
Where the towering pine trees are  
On the knoll, around which gather  
Mists of meadow with forest dew,  
When those breezes over it linger  
Whose coolness ocean's rollers brew.

Smiled she on him, drew him to her,  
And at once were his senses charmed  
By the maid of Abna-Jona,  
By the being with power armed  
To love or hate, give bliss or pain —  
Ermadine, queen of the Fells,  
Who more than queen o'er men did reign  
By her subtle power and spells,  
Till — Norman died, the spirit pure,  
Then died she, where Horn Pond's spirit  
With moaning sighs now sings of her,  
And weeds her tomb have closely knit.

She bade him bring true love's token  
In a tear from a broken heart —  
So bade Norman, who had spoken,  
“Oh woodland nymph, my love thou art.”

Not long delayed he wooing her,  
Who loved him fondly, as he knew,  
The child of chief Win-chi-na-ta,  
Who o'er the lake in her canoe  
Came to meet him in the gloaming,  
Yea, in sunshine or in the storm,  
He, the youth she'd long been loving,  
The Royall youth, who free from harm  
Roamed the forests, for his people  
Friends had been of Win-chi-na-ta —  
Sang with him when the air was still  
From the race to Abna-Jona,  
In her canoe drifted with him  
Until night's queen slept in the west,  
Loved with him 'till the stars grew dim,  
While she lingered upon his breast.

So lived the maid till he bade her  
Speak no more of loving to him,  
Then it was she could but murmur :  
“ Oh Norman, Norman, my eyes dim  
With the tears my heart sheds in grief —  
But 'tis not true that you 'd leave me.  
Oh, Norman, give my heart relief —  
Speak to her who loves you fondly.”

Thus it was that Norman left her,  
Broken-hearted, and sped away  
To the queen of Abna-Jona,  
Singing in glee a lover's lay,  
Thus he bore the tear-drop token  
He 'd wrung from the maid's breaking heart,  
Sang he then, “ The spell is broken,  
Fair Ermadine, my love thou art.”

O Ermadine, bewitching queen,  
Sylph of the fells-lands, traitor heart,  
You heard his voice, and peering 'tween  
Leaves of lilies, where eddies start  
As singing rills their waters send  
Around the bluff, where pine trees bend  
With touch of east wind and of west,  
O Ermadine, upon thy breast  
You bade him lay “ true love's token,”  
But as above the rippling lake  
Echoed the words he had spoken,  
And thy fair hand the tear would take,  
Twanged the bow of Win-chi-na-ta,  
Sped his arrow swift through the air,  
And Norman died where lilies are  
Clustering so fragrant and fair —  
And Ermadine, you sped away,  
A coward once, from your great sin,  
But ere the sun announced the day,  
Died where thy tomb is woven in.

## Sunset.

---

Mist clouds gather over the valley fair,  
Shadows of night slant slowly up the hills,  
Golden-red lances fill the summer air.  
Calm is the river, softly sing the rills,  
The sun 's going to sleep beyond the bay,  
To gather glory for the coming day.

Twitter the swallows homeward to their nests,  
Gather peeping chicks under mother's breasts,  
Drowsy cows bid the rich meadows adieu,  
And laden with milk, with many a "moo,"  
Down the wood lane wend their quiet way  
To tie-ups beneath mows of new-mown hay.

The milkmaid sings her merry evening song,  
As with the children she frolics along  
To receive the rich treasures from her friends,  
Gathered where herds-grass with sweet-red-top blends,  
Where with the buttercup the daisy lives,  
And blooming clover its rich fragrance gives.

The moon slowly raising her glowing face,  
Courtesies to night with bewitching grace,  
Scatters her rich light with generous hand  
From the mountain's top to the river's sand;  
O'er homes rich with joy, or filled with sorrow,  
Bringing promises of glad tomorrow.

Mist over the valleys, shadows on the hills,  
Music in rivers, laughter in rills,  
Birds snugly nestled in their bough-hid homes,  
All the world's sleeping till the new day comes;  
Gently sleeping in the moon's golden light  
While over them watches the queen of night.

## Days of Love.

---

Oh, days of love, buried in tears  
Shed by heart's misunderstanding,  
Sweep aside the sorrowful years  
Within whose grave thou art hiding.

Let bloom again all the flowers  
Crushed to death by tempests of grief,  
And bring again the happy hours  
When I drew love from her full sheaf.

Oh, days of love, come back again  
And roll sorrow's dark clouds away,  
Turn tears of grief to love's warm rain,  
And with thy sun bring joyous day.

## Slander's Shaft.

---

Who sees the flight of the arrow lie?  
'Tis a shaft unseen by human eye,  
But unerring is the poisoned dart,  
Whose mark is ever a human heart.

If the cruel shaft could only turn  
In its cursed flight, and rend and burn  
The heart of him who vilely shot it,  
Or by it his lying tongue be split,  
Then might the fame of honest men be  
Safe from the slanderer's perjury.

## The Open Sesame.

---

There's a tender spot in every heart  
Which finds in mankind a kindred part,  
And, as roses in the sunshine grow,  
Responds to moods which with kindness glow.

## The Hobo.

---

No friend but poverty has the hobo;  
Dirty, ragged, forlorn—How came he so?  
This man, this soul-home, this once mother's love?  
Dimples were his, and tiny feet, this dove  
Of peace which came to a home long ago,  
Bringing joy and sunshine to the hearts so  
Strong and true, strength'ning vows fondly plighted,  
Which by his coming, closer united  
Youth and maiden fair, mother and father, ever  
By a living bond nought could sever.

Grew a boy, this baby fair, romped and played  
With healthful strength and youthful glee, nor stayed  
His onward going, father's hope and pride,  
But upward reached to the full, manful tide  
Of strength, the climax of his baby life,  
The blooming flower to husband and wife,  
Who had watched their plant from the tiny sprout,  
Until the sturdy stalk, grown tall, threw out  
The blossoms they often in prayer had sought,  
The tribute their loves unto God had brought.

The hobo has bowed low beneath the rod,  
The man mother brought so pure unto God;  
In paths leading but to the depths of hell,  
Driven he's been by that relentless spell  
Which in glowing lights its powers disclose  
Before revealing the snake in the rose.

Is this hobo but a creature debased?  
Think you sin which broke God's image, erased  
From within it the mem'ry of mother?  
That even his filthiness can smother  
The cry which often from his heart rings wild,  
Oh mother, mother! love *me* yet, your child!  
Ah, no, around his heart thro' all these years,  
Kept ever fruitful by memory's tears,  
Has lived that vine with love's flowers blooming,  
Whose swaying tendrils have e're been singing  
Prayers and hymns long ago sung by mother,  
Which no weight of sin can ever smother.



## Look up, my Soul.

---

Look up, my soul, shadows gather  
From clouds of earth, not from light,  
Gleaming where the angels linger  
Joyously in Jesus' sight.

Look up and sing, earth is sorrow,  
But 'bove the clouds heaven lies,  
Where God's sun lights each tomorrow  
Ere the light of today dies.

Oh, sing, my soul, cast off all grief,  
Let heaven's light imbue thee,  
For there from pain is sure relief,  
And music eternally.

## A Query.

---

Who wishes to be made a mummy  
And then become a show-room dummy?  
Better far 'tis to enrich the ground,  
Then be filled with spices, and tied around  
With cloth and pitch to keep you in shape.  
That like a stuffed missing link or ape  
You may be prodded by science fools,  
Who will fight for their conflicting schools  
Until the strongest asserts his claim  
To be awarded eternal fame.  
Then your ruins, with scantiest grace,  
Will be buried in "any old place."

# Memoriam

To Rev. M. Gilligan, Feb. 22, 1900.

---

Though still 's the voice which oft has spoken  
Words of cheer to sorrowing hearts,  
Yet liveth now that bond unbroken  
Which from thy kindness strength imparts.  
For man thou wert, brother and neighbor,  
And around thy mem'ry will shine  
Undimmed by time, the brilliant lustre  
Of true man love, which is divine.

## A Requiem.

---

Only a whisper, but a sigh  
Which is a stifled moan,  
Only in the crowd passing by  
A weary soul — alone.

Only a sorrow-tortured brain,  
Thinking of self murder,  
As a sad heart murmurs in pain,  
“ Oh, where art thou, mother! ”

And then? a coffin-shrouded form  
Borne to a pauper's grave,  
Because the world's fierce, selfish storm  
Murdered the heart so brave.

Hear the anthem sung by the earth,  
While as if in delight  
It hides the “ unknown,” who at birth  
Gladdened a mother's sight!

“ Oh life, life! where is thy glory,  
Where thy music and mirth?  
Forgotten in the sad story,  
*Sorrow shall follow birth.* ”

## Lake Moosehead.

---

Crown jewel of Maine, Moosehead the grand,  
For unknown centuries hast thou lain  
Where forests and mountains ever stand  
Guard o'er thy treasures, lake queen of Maine.

Thy voice roars in the foaming races,  
Yet whispers where sigh hemlocks and pines  
Around the river's resting places,  
Where the lily its tendrils entwines  
Before thy path, that it may hold thee  
Yet a moment from the great rivers,  
Which, as they rush along to the sea,  
Would sweep thee from thy forest lovers.

Sing on, O Moosehead, queen lake of Maine,  
Thou fountain head of her great waters;  
Sing on, where for ages thou hast lain  
Tuning the voices of thy daughters;  
Sing on, when glinting in the moonlight,  
When enveloped in Kineo's mist,  
Or tossing thy waves to the sunlight  
While for their key the forest choirs list.

## To The Mystic.

---

Flow on, ye woodland rills, aquiver  
With grand anthems voiced by bird and tree;  
Sing to the tide, O winding river,  
And send the rills' anthems to the sea.

Let naught of joy be taken from thee,  
O home by the Mystic long my own,  
Although sad the harvest mine must be  
Grown from the seed by slanderers sown.

Yea, sing, O river, and all ye rills  
Until joy's in all hearts around thee,  
Though stealing down from Wa-ren-sa hills,  
Despair folds his dark clouds around me.

## Bay of Merrymeeting.

---

O Merrymeeting, ever singing,  
When along thy shores in summer days  
Trees are green and flowers are blooming,  
And weird notes on thy wave harps ringing  
When the storm king's hand upon thee lays,  
And ocean's scuds are o'er thee flying ;  
Fairest daughter of Kenebago,  
Jewels of dewdrops proudly wearing.  
Quick over the falls thy waters go,  
Onward swirling, foaming and curling,  
Gleefully laughing in their wildness  
Out of the daylight into darkness.  
Away, away in the sunlight again,  
Swiftly bearing to the mighty sea  
His mists, which amid the hills have lain  
Stored in mosses, laughing bay for thee.

O Merrymeeting, sparkling water,  
Rippling along the pine-grown shore ;  
Mother of rills, the mountains' daughter,  
From the great rocks where the rapids roar,  
Down to the Kennebec's swift-running tide,  
Deep run thy waters, bearing along  
Kenebago's greeting to his bride,  
Which Androscoggin repeats in song.

Broad Merrymeeting, swirling water,  
Full 's thy store of legends and stories ;  
O child of rills and cool springs' mother,  
Thine eyes have beheld Norsemen's glories,  
And o'er and o'er the silent greetings  
Of red men upon the warpath :  
Yea, far too often tearful partings  
When the white men met Indian wrath.

Birds love thee, bright sparkling water,  
And carol their anthems o'er thy breast.  
O bride of hills, river's daughter,  
Whose voice was attuned in the forest,

Where the rills to brooks whisper and sing,  
Where the wild rose vines tenderly cling  
Around great trees, whose swaying branches  
Embrace the sun's light as he glances  
Merrily in where mountain echoes  
Send back to thee the forest choir's lay,  
And even the wind tunefully blows  
To enrich thy voice, O songful bay.

---

The heart which knows but joy and gladness,  
And ever sings a merry lay,  
Knoweth not love, for in that, sadness  
Ever weaves as night into day.

## A Dream in Middlesex Fells.

---

Bubbling, gurgling, upward swirling,  
Sparkling when 't was touched by sunlight,  
Which among the trees was glinting,  
Shimmering dew distilled by night  
From mountain clouds and mists of leas,  
Tempest's rain and fog from seas,  
Was born one morning, Per-ine spring,  
Whose limpid waters rippling sing  
As through Love brook, down to the seas,  
They bear to Neptune woodland glees.

A forest maiden kissed the spring  
As it gushed among the mosses;  
The dew-born spring  
Around which cling  
Lilies twined with water cresses,  
And to it sang  
In tones which rang  
O'er Ram-a-so's Bed merrily,  
"O bright-eyed spring  
Whose waters sing  
And whose spirit ever roams free,  
Please bear my message to the sea."

Raising a dying lily's head,  
And sprinkling its petals with dew,  
Smilingly the bubbling spring said,  
"Because you've kissed me, I'll serve you,  
And take your message to the sea,  
But you must quickly give it me,  
For I delay  
Not night or day  
Bearing to my parent the sea  
Dewdrops which its mists gave to me."

Coyly hiding her blushing face  
Behind her curling black-brown hair,  
Sang the blushing maid, "We all chase  
Phantoms, but love, the treasure rare,  
The forest's spirit brought to me  
In a drop of dew from the sea."

"Love!" answered the spring mirthfully,  
Tossing up a bouquet of spray;  
"Love, dear maid, is a mystery,  
A myth ever fleeing away.  
It is entrancing, —  
Yes, bewitching;  
But as with the sun's awaking  
Dewdrops disappear in the sky,  
So the phantom you are chasing  
Will live as a tear from your eye."

"Not all love is tears, doubting spring,  
Born this day in the woodland's heart,  
And when around you mermaids sing  
Of love, with all their witching art,  
You will know love is the flower  
Which alone through life will endure,  
And even in the darkest hour  
Diffuse its fragrance ever pure."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the merry spring.  
"Dear forest maid, I know love's tale,  
But what did the sea's dewdrop bring  
Which hung 'round you the mystic veil?"

"Not a mystic veil brought to me  
The forest's spirit, doubting spring,  
But prince Triton's love, from the sea,  
Where mermaids of love ever sing."

Dreamily flowed the spring  
While it softly replied,  
"Love's now a fickle thing  
And never did abide."

"Hurry down to the mighty waves  
Beneath which are Triton's grand caves,  
And give him" — she paused, bashful thing —  
Then sweetly said, "my love, dear spring."

The spring dashed away in a rill  
Which fed Love brook beneath the hill,  
And onward through the swift river,  
Whose bounding heart was aquiver  
With songs from mountain, hill and lea,  
Merrily rippled to the sea.



With a hearty roar and a dashing spray,  
Greeted the spring, did the busy sea,  
While sprites and mermaids from main and bay  
Embraced their friend and sang joyously.

Drank dewdrops did ocean's deity,  
Sipped from cooling rills did his great son,  
While the spring gave its life to the sea,  
And told Triton of the love he'd won.

Wept for joy did the prince, who had won  
A forest maiden for his lover,  
And his heart's tears distilled by the sun,  
Floated among the mists of summer,  
Over the ocean and forest,  
Around the shores of Wa-ren-sa Lake,  
And lay in dew on the maiden's breast,  
One morn when the birds bade her awake.

She saw in the dew her lover's heart,  
And eagerly watched for his coming,  
But she knew not the mermaid's art,  
Or measured the ocean sprite's cunning.

For one purpose they joined their graces —  
Beautiful forms, bewitching faces,—  
Voices which as e'er cooeth the dove,  
Echo ever the accents of love.  
Eyes sparkling love in their mildest glance,  
Lips saying, "Come kiss," whene'er the chance,  
Till around him a web was woven  
Which bound him closely unto their charms,  
And forgetting his forest maiden,  
He found his pleasure in Circe's arms.

Into months grew days, and then to years,  
But the recreant lover came not  
To the Fells-lands, where often in tears,  
Waited the maiden who ne'er forgot  
The words he writ in the drop of dew.  
Forgot? How could she, who had given  
Him a heart which only true love knew,  
Forget the words a prince had spoken?

Longing hearts will not patiently wait  
While unseen hands are weaving their fate,  
And at length the maiden sped away  
To the sea where her heart's treasure lay.

Neptune saw her weeping on the sand,  
And hearing her tale, thrust out his hand,  
Struck Egg Rock from Nahant asunder,  
And cried, "At woe I do not wonder,  
For that is a portion of all life;  
But that Triton should forsake a wife  
His heart has wedded, shall not be  
While Neptune remains king of the sea."

Then in fury rushed the sea's king on  
Circe, who, with Triton, was hiding  
Where a dying east gale threw upon  
Lodge cliffs billows seething and foaming.

He clutched the famed goddess by the hair,  
Shouting, "Ah, gay enchantress, beware!  
We all love your smiles so bewitching,  
And your wine which is e'er entrancing.  
But as you have held the sea god's son  
From a forest bride he fairly won,  
I bid you depart to hades' caves  
Where the imp of darkness ever raves,  
And revel there in anguish of pain  
Until I call you to me again.

Unto the maiden of the forest  
Sang Triton from a wave's curling crest,  
"Maid, whom I wooed in the drop of spray,  
Oh, my forest loved one, come away  
Where the mermaids are sweetly singing  
As with the nymphs they're gaily dancing,  
And love is the life of every hour,  
Come, now, my love, unto thy dower."

Smilingly, the forest maid answered,  
"Oh, prince of my heart, thy voice I've heard,  
I'll come, I'll come, my loved one to thee,  
And wherever's thy home, mine shall be."

Then sprang she down the beach, but before  
The waves embraced her, above the shore  
Fluttered the spirit born with the spring,  
Whose waters daily thro' Love brook sing;  
Fluttered and spake, "Thro' rills and fountains  
Come ocean's waters from the mountains,  
And all the Fells-land's rippling brooks be  
Parts of the life of the mighty sea,  
But maidens among the forests bred,  
Not even the sea's princes may wed."

"Why not?" Neptune angrily cried,  
Bidding Triton flee with his bride.  
"Who sent you to dispute my will?  
Ho, my mermen! awake and kill  
This bold Fells-land spirit who dares say  
Triton shall not claim his bride today!"

"Neptune, you may be king of the sea,  
But, remember, there's a Deity  
Who all the universe created  
And who decrees, there shall be mated  
No child of earth to child of the sea,"  
Sang the spring's spirit, as tenderly  
She bore the weeping maiden away,  
While black storm clouds rushed o'er sea and bay.

In vain Poseidon bade the Venti  
Bring back to him the forest maiden,  
Vainly to her did prince Triton cry,  
"Come back, my love, and live in Eden."  
'Mong the clouds, the spirit of the spring  
Bore the forest maid swiftly away;  
Yet once more unto Neptune calling,  
"The sea and the earth must God obey."

In his great shell car standing,  
Gazing around in wonder,  
While came the lightning flashing,  
And heavy pealing thunder,  
Spake Neptune to his people,  
"Forget not this day's lesson,  
Taught thro' your king and his son.

Sigh not for earthly graces,  
For you're children of the sea  
Who should stay in your places,  
If you would live happily."

Beside the spring which was bubbling  
Merrily 'mong rocks and mosses,  
While around her birds were singing,  
And toied the wind with her tresses,  
Slept the maid; and from the water,  
Which sweetly sang to its daughter,  
Watched the spring's beautiful spirit,  
Who, when the sun's great lamps were lit,  
Wrote a message in drops of dew.  
She gathered among the mosses,  
Gently to the sleeping maid drew,  
Touched her with tender caresses,  
Then, laughing, singing merrily,  
Dancing and skipping gracefully,  
While twining lilies around her head,  
Away in Love brook swiftly sped.

Far in the Fells where the pine grows  
By the side of its hemlock friend,  
Where Per-ine spring its bright spray throws  
O'er lilies which gracefully bend  
With the swirling of its waters,  
Happily among the daughters  
Of mountain sprites, who make their home  
Where wood-nymphs 'mong the shadows roam,  
Lives the maid, who, in drops of dew,  
Read the maxim forever true,  
"Seek contentment within your sphere,  
Among the friends who hold you dear."

L. of C.



JUL 6 1900









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